

# "The Fighting Trail"

Episode 9—"The Bridge of Death"

As he spoke, Gwyn pushed the throttle over to the last notch. The pondering engine made the bridge creak beneath it as it tore along at full speed. In the center it seemed for a moment as though the whole structure, with the engine, must hurtle down to the river below, but by a miracle, the bridge held the weight, and the engine emerged safely from the smoke at the other end of the bridge.

"Thank God, we're safe," Gwyn said, relieved. "It was one chance in—"

"Look! Look! Stop!" Nan shouted. "The chasm bridge. See? They've blocked the track."

Gwyn peered ahead through the dark of approaching night. Directly in the center of the track he could see a great, dark form loom up from at the end of chasm bridge nearest him. Von Bleck and his men had piled lumber and stones over the track. It was impossible for him to pass, and, if he attempted to break through the blockade, they would be thrown into the gulley to certain death. There was no alternative; Gwyn shut off the throttle and threw on the breaks with a jam. The wheels scraped and the engine slowed and finally stopped. It was within but a few feet of the obstruction. The old cable ferry, which was close enough to be within plain view, was the first thing to attract Gwyn's attention.

"We've got to risk that cable," Gwyn cried to Nan. "If we don't get to town everything is off. Are you willing to try?"

Nan nodded, and Gwyn grabbed the basket. It was rotten, and tore apart at his first pull. Gwyn threw all his weight on the rope. If it was like the basket, there was no hope. But it held! Nan grasped it, also, near Gwyn's hands, and, as they swung out into space, Von Bleck's men could be heard coming up the road toward the engine.

They stopped for a moment to watch the two gliding along the cable, then ran up to the engine. Von Bleck was at their head, as he approached the steaming train, the hatch of the water tank in the back

of it slowly opened, and the wet be-draggled figure of One Lung emerged. He handed Von Bleck some papers which he held in his hand.

"Here are the deeds," he said. "I got them for you, but now you will have to beat that guy to town and file 'em."

Von Bleck put the papers in his pocket. By this time his men had cleared the track of the obstructions and they all boarded the engine and began to run across the trestle.

"You'd better be careful," One Lung cautioned. "The water tank has run out and we're liable to explode." The driver, however, did not heed his warning and drove ahead at full speed.

At the other end of the bridge Nan and Gwyn had landed safely from their perilous ride across the chasm. They were in a quandary as to how to proceed to town, when Causley's automobile, standing where Nan had seen it on her trip to the mine, met their eyes. They jumped into it, and a thrilling race between the engine and the auto began.

For several miles the race continued, until they arrived at a spot where the road was unusually close to the track. A bullet from the engine had punctured one of Gwyn's tires and thrown the car off a balance, but Gwyn, by shooting into the other had overcome this difficulty. The engine was drawing dangerously close to the auto. Nan looked back and screamed a warning, but Gwyn could do no more. He had already been running the car at its highest speed.

Suddenly, as Gwyn was struggling to urge the motor even faster, Nan shrieked. There was a terrific explosion that shook the ground, and the engine was enveloped in smoke. As One Lung had cautioned, the steam in the empty water tank had caused the boiler to blow out, and it seemed as Nan and Gwyn looked back, as if everyone aboard the engine must be killed.

Gwyn stopped the car with a jerk and whirled in his seat to look back. The force of the explosion had literally torn the engine to bits. A big hole had been blown in the ground,

and a cloud of smoke and vapor rose over the scene like a fog. He shuddered, transfixed at the horror of the sight.

It was a matter of humanity now, in spite of the fact that the injured men were their enemies—and deadly enemies. But in moments like this compassion is greater than hate.

Under the cab they found the engineer, dead beside his throttle. They were still searching the wreckage when the whistle of another engine announced the arrival of the sheriff. Von Bleck they found at the foot of the embankment, a very much bruised and battered Von Bleck, but stunned rather than seriously hurt.

"I'm glad he isn't dead," Gwyn told the sheriff. "but I shall have to ask you to put him under arrest before he escapes. He and his confederates have stolen the deeds to the mine!"

Von Bleck started and sat up, the old look of cunning breaking through his stupor. He raised a trembling finger and pointed down the road.

"Arrest me?" He laughed. "Don't worry about that, sheriff. Look—there is your car. Gwyn stole it. He is a thief!"

It was a small card, but it took the trick. The sheriff knew his master. "It's true," he said. "Mr. Gwyn, you are under arrest." White with anger at such outrageous treatment, Gwyn sprang forward in vigorous protest, but Nan caught his arm and restrained him with a whispered warning. The explosion, she knew, sounded its own alarm, and help would be on its way from the village.

Help did come, and very soon. The road up the mountain side was dotted with motors and horsemen before the last echo had died, and at the head of the procession came a bright red machine with a strip of flying bunting whipping in the wind behind it. It's radiator was boiling like a kettle when it drew up beside the track. The man at the wheel was Square Deal Hogan, a wiry little Irishman who had come to Lost Mine when it was still a municipal infant, and whose standing among the townspeople was won by the fact that he was ready to give each newcomer his hand, or his fist, as the conduct and intentions of the visitor might warrant. He took in the situation at a glance.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, stepping forward.

Gwyn started to explain, his audience growing larger every minute as the rescuers arrived. Nan, standing at his side, sought the eye of each friend in the crowd, nodding silent assent. When Gwyn concluded there was a silence. Hogan read the faces about him with growing confidence and walked out to face the sheriff. But Causley, too, had seen the swift rise of suspicion. With a wink to Von Bleck he turned to Gwyn with a smile of conciliation.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he said. Then, turning, he almost shouted at the abject Von Bleck. "Stand up, there! Come here! You are under arrest, do you hear?" Von Bleck rose painfully and was led to the sheriff's machine.

"The sooner he's under lock and key the better!" Causley called back to the crowd, and a moment later the car turned a corner and was gone.

"Very odd, wasn't it?" said Gwyn. "You must have hypnotized him, Hogan. But I don't understand it yet." As the words passed his lips he choked and started. Comprehension swept over his features like a fit of pain, a realization more agonizing than physical torture. Von Bleck had the deeds! Causley had tricked him! The ownership of the mine and all it meant to the nation would pass into the hands of the enemy!

He fairly dragged Nan and Hogan to the auto, explaining as he went. Hogan, clear eyed and determined, took the wheel. It was a race for the greatest prize on earth. They swept down the road like a flying projectile, faster and faster, and faster yet, as they struck the downgrade and rushed on. Nan's ears hummed and rang with the pressure of the wind. Gwyn shielded his face with his hands. But Hogan, his eyes narrowed to mere slits, crouched tense and motionless over the wheel.

At the top of a rise they glimpsed the car of the sheriff only half a mile ahead. They were gaining. . . . And then occurred one of those tricks of fate that so often twist our hopes. A little thing it was—only a woodman felling a tree. But both cars were on the same stretch when the final stroke went home, and the great oak began to fall across the

road. It was a desperate chance, but Von Bleck was desperate enough to meet it.

"Drive on!" he commanded. "More speed!" And Causley's car shot out from the swiftly descending shadow as the tree crashed to the ground.

Hogan's brakes were grinding fire as he drew up with a jolt that almost threw the occupants from the car.

They had escaped death by the merest fraction, but danger meant nothing now. The heavy tree lay like a prostrate giant across the path. Sick with the sense of defeat, Gwyn watched the approach of the other cars that had followed from the wreck. Then came a horseman—two of them. It was a fighting chance at least. The riders had hardly dismounted before Nan and Gwyn were in the saddles, picking their way over and between the broken foliage, and then dashing on up the road. But the first glimpse they had of the commissioner's office was all too convincing that their race had been in vain. The sheriff's car, with Von Bleck grinning from the tonneau, was just rolling off down the street, and Causley himself stood in the doorway.

(To Be Continued)

## NEWS NOTES FROM WELLSVILLE

WELLSVILLE, Nov. 10.—Mrs. Fred Darley is spending a few days in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parkinson of Ogden, Mrs. Eva Gunnel, Mrs. Sara Parks, and Mrs. Hannah Walters of Logan, attended the funeral services of D. W. Jones, on Tuesday.

Mrs. Mumford of Salt Lake, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. David Parkinson.

Mrs. Agnes Mitton and children have returned to their home in Drummond, Montana.

Word has been received from Parowan, of the arrival of a fine son to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pinder.

The following were elected Tuesday to take care of Wellsville City affairs: Mr. George J. Haslam for mayor; Robert Leishman, four year councilman; Heber C. Parker, two year councilman; Heber Maughan, two year councilman, and Frank O. Gunnel, James Cooper, secretary and

treasurer; William J. Allen, city recorder.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Raft River are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grant.

Mrs. Peter Maughan is visiting in Salt Lake City for a few days, the guest of her sons, William B., and Milton Maughan.

Funeral services over the remains of Daniel W. Jones, who died November 3, were held in the Wellsville tabernacle, November 6. Bishop Charles N. Maughan, presided. The choir sang, I Need Thee Every Hour. Prayer was offered by Thomas Leishman. Singing, I Know That My Redeemer Lives. Comforting and consoling remarks were made by the following speakers: Elders John Wyatt, Alex B. Maughan, Robert A. Leishman, Walter M. Jones, Evan R. Owen and Bishop C. N. Maughan. Duet by John Bailey and Salena B. Darley, Oh My Father. Singing by the choir, Rock Of Ages. Benediction by William H. Maughan. Brother Jones died after suffering from pneumonia for two weeks. He was fifty four years old and was born in Lammelle, South Wales. He married Martha Haslam. He leaves a host of friends and his widow and four children to mourn his loss. Beautiful flowers how the respect felt for Bro. Jones. Interment was in the city cemetery.

The members of the Klement Klub entertained Thursday at a most delightful affair at the home of Mrs. Fred Darley. The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Parkinson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Maughan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Harret, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, Dr. and Mrs. Christiansen.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parker Mrs. Zina Leishman of Drummond, Montana, was here to attend the funeral of D. W. Jones.

Mr. Joseph Haslam of Lewiston

We want to say to the farmers of this community—that no feature of present day education is more potent for good to this county than that now being accomplished by the various agricultural schools and experimental stations and farms.

Concerning Kindness. He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it.—Seneca.

## LEGAL NOTICE PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP

Consult the County Clerk or the Respective Signers for Further Information

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache. In the matter of the Estate of Edna J. C. Baker, deceased.

Creditors will present claims with vouchers, to the undersigned administrator at Mendon, Cache County, Utah, on or before the first day of January, 1918.

Date of first publication, October 27, 1917.

A. M. BAKER, JR.

Administrator of the Estate of Edna J. C. Baker, Deceased.

A. A. LAW, Attorney. Adv. 11-29

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache. In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Muir, Deceased.

Creditors will present claims with vouchers, to the undersigned executor at Mendon, Cache County, Utah, on or before the first day of January 1918.

Date of first publication, October 27, 1917.

THOMAS MUIR, JR.,

Executor of Last Will of Thomas Muir, Deceased.

A. A. LAW, Attorney. Adv. 11-29

### CERTAIN CURE FOR CROUP

Mrs. Rose Middleton of Greenville, Ill., has had experience in the treatment of this disease. She says "When my children were small my son had croup frequently. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy always broke up these attacks immediately, and I was never without it in the house. I have taken it myself for coughs and colds with good results." Adv.



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Alex Smith, Prop.



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